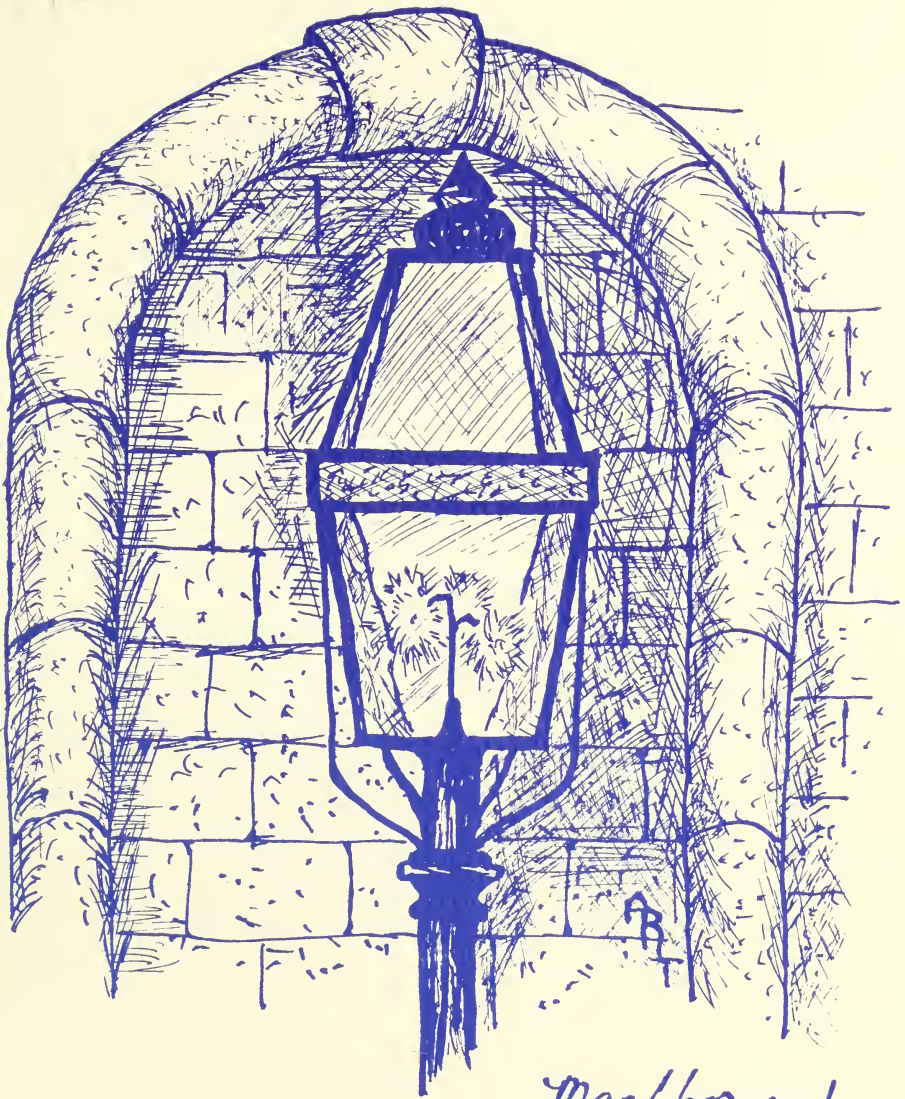




Marlborough
Street

Views of
Life Along
The Charles

For Reference

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The Charles Viewer

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Boston, Massachusetts

1980



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*Room 823
Music Room*

*108 Beacon
Street*

*Faces
Feelings
Friendship*



*Fireplace
Capital*

*118 Beacon
Street*

Eyes and faces

Seeing nothing
Feeling nothing

Staring
Prying

Eyes and faces.

Maria Miller



LETTING GO

Riding down the road
On my Yamaha
Thinking heavy thoughts
Feeling Free

Smiling to myself
As I think of you
And me

Together we can
Escape in our own
World of happiness

The feel of the wind
On my face brings
Me back

Riding down the road
On my Yamaha
Feeling free all by
Myself again.

Ann Marie Affleck

PEOPLE

People are like
The stones in the ocean.
Always being pushed around,
By the pressures and currents.
They find themselves losing their dignity.
The stone reverts to a pebble.

Christine Cogliano

FREEDOM

Please don't ask me how I know,
I've been down that road before.
Though the other side is just the same,
It's a land that's known as freedom.
Now I won't be back until later on.
But you know me, and I'll miss you.
Can't you see I must be free?
Don't be angry, don't be sad.
If you believe in freedom, come with me.
The sun is waiting. I'm leaving now.
Come, there's nothing for you here.
Go ahead, turn around, turn your back,
Maybe I'll see you in the next quiet place.

Laurie Marrocco

LIVING

The waiting around,
The wondering in my mind,
And then the chance to do it,
Bring smiles of happiness to my face.
That's what it's all about.

Christine Cogliano

WOMAN TO WOMAN

"Mirror, mirror on the wall. Who's the fairest of them all?" Is this an enchanting fairy tale or a role-assumption model?

If one takes a moment to look with new eyes at how woman are bred in our society, it becomes apparent that women are taught from birth to compete with one another. For what prize are we competing? Does not the "fairest of them all" win Prince Charming?

Advertising also plays upon this theme, as well as more familiar models--such as brownie love, and peanut-butter caring.

As a result, women are highly suspicious and distrustful of one another. Truly open and totally honest friendships are rare. In business the carrots of recognition and increased responsibility are dangled just out of reach and can be used to both our advantage and disadvantage.

If women approach one another keeping these role models in mind, perhaps they can drop some lifelong barriers, and in doing so grow together.

Anne R. Taylor



The moon left the sky as the sun
 slowly came.
All a part of Nature's game.
While all around the world was dead,
The result of something someone said.

"Progress, my boys!" he cried to all.
And that's what started the world
 to fall.

For progress ruined the water,
And progress ruined the soil.
And destruction was the object of
 mankind's toil.

Maria Miller

FEELINGS

Feeling free
 Like a butterfly.

Feeling joyous
 Like a cheerful clown

Feeling open
 Like a door with many
 Passageways.

Feeling confident and hopeful
 For life is full of
 Waiting challenges.

Christine Cogliano

FEELINGS CHANGE

Yesterday I had
No feeling of life
It was raining
And sadness grew
Deeper into the storm
As the still grey skies
Surround my world.

Today the sun
Is shining
I awaken with a smile
The storm is over
And I'm happy
The bright blue sky
Surrounds my world.

Each day has its changes
Our feelings
Are like the weather
One day we would like
To forget about life
As the rain falls
Like tears
Through the next life
Our spirits change
Giving hope as the sun
Heals all the pain which
Surrounds my world.

Anita Newton

IT'S NOT..., BUT IT IS...

It's not just words, but it is a thought.
It's not just illustrations, but it is a feeling.
It's not just pages, but it is a compiled
work of art.
It's not just an object, but it is a resource.
It's not just famous authors who write it,
but it is Literature.

Nada Ann Jones



BIRDS

Free are they,
Way up high, to utter and observe
What they like.
Their destinations are endless.
A life led of simple, unique freedom,
Of ups and downs.

Christine Cogliano

FRIENDSHIP COMES

Friendship comes to those who give
A smile within moments
Happiness within time
A love-filled heart
A hand when in need

Friendship comes to those
who speak of truth
Listen with concern
Answer to a cry
Share openly feelings locked inside
Show truth and understanding
Stick by one's side

Friendship comes to those
Who make it
Not just an acquaintance
Who turns with a sigh
But a loving relationship
Never left behind

Friendship comes to those
Who accept each other
For who they are
Not what they might be
Who do not try and change one another
For better or for worse
Just as equal in this world

Most of all friendship comes
But it should not go
No matter how far
Apart the friends may be
If it's a true friendship
It will always live

Anita Newton

TIME TO SAY GOODBYE

Time to say goodbye.
I am finished working hard.
Death has come to me.

Judy Santangelo



FRIENDSHIP

Let your friends get close
Be open.
Open your heart to them
Be aware.
Be aware of everything that happens
Be concerned.
And hope they'll be the same with you!

Christine Cogliano

DREAMS

I have a dream to travel
And see the beautiful sights of the world.
Let me fly.

I have a dream to touch the cold
And warmth of the people I meet.
Let me feel.

I have a dream to understand
And watch the world grow around me.
Let me try.

Christine Cogliano



I WANT TO BE A LIBERATED WOMAN

To be a liberated woman, one must understand all the term implies. A liberated woman is one who is free to explore and find her greatest potential. In this context, she must also be free to let go of accepted roles and in this give others their freedom.

For myself, the greatest happiness comes from realizing a goal I have set. To frost this piece of cake is to demand and accept no limitations as to what these goals may be. To do less would be to waste and destroy any contributions one could make--not only in our own sphere of influence, but in our society as a whole. Thus, the challenge has been made and I have gladly accepted it.

Can this attitude work in a marriage? Can both partners rise to the challenge and still maintain a healthy relationship? The answer to both is yes! Job and role frustration can trigger dissatisfaction with one's partner if one, or both feel trapped into a role. In many modern marriages, each partner feels confident enough with their relationship not to put any limitations on the other's growth. Freedom of this nature stimulates an openness seldom found in more conventional marriage roles. More of our peers are not planning families. This was a taboo of years past. However this does not preclude that one cannot realize her fullest potential with children, only that children are not a "must" and the decision is there to be had.

To grow. A simple statement this, yet my greatest reason for being a liberated woman!

Anne R. Taylor

AS WE GROW OLDER

Each new face we meet
makes the distance of friendship closer
as the gap between us fills
with new ways of truth
come in contact with life
as we grow older.

These friends become
times-of-sharing moments
even a day with cloudy skies
can have meaning of laughter
in a room where objects clutter
keeping our world together
as we grow older.

Tomorrow leads us to
only another new day
but these days, never alone
built up into weeks and years
passing time, keeping in touch
as we journey to places of our own kind
discovering new faces
as we grow older.

Anita Newton

BUSY, BUSY ME

Busy, busy me.
Oh, too many things to do.
Do I have the time?

Judy Santangelo

KIDS

Mother said to kid

"Do not walk in the puddle."

Kid jumps in puddle.

Ann DeLuca

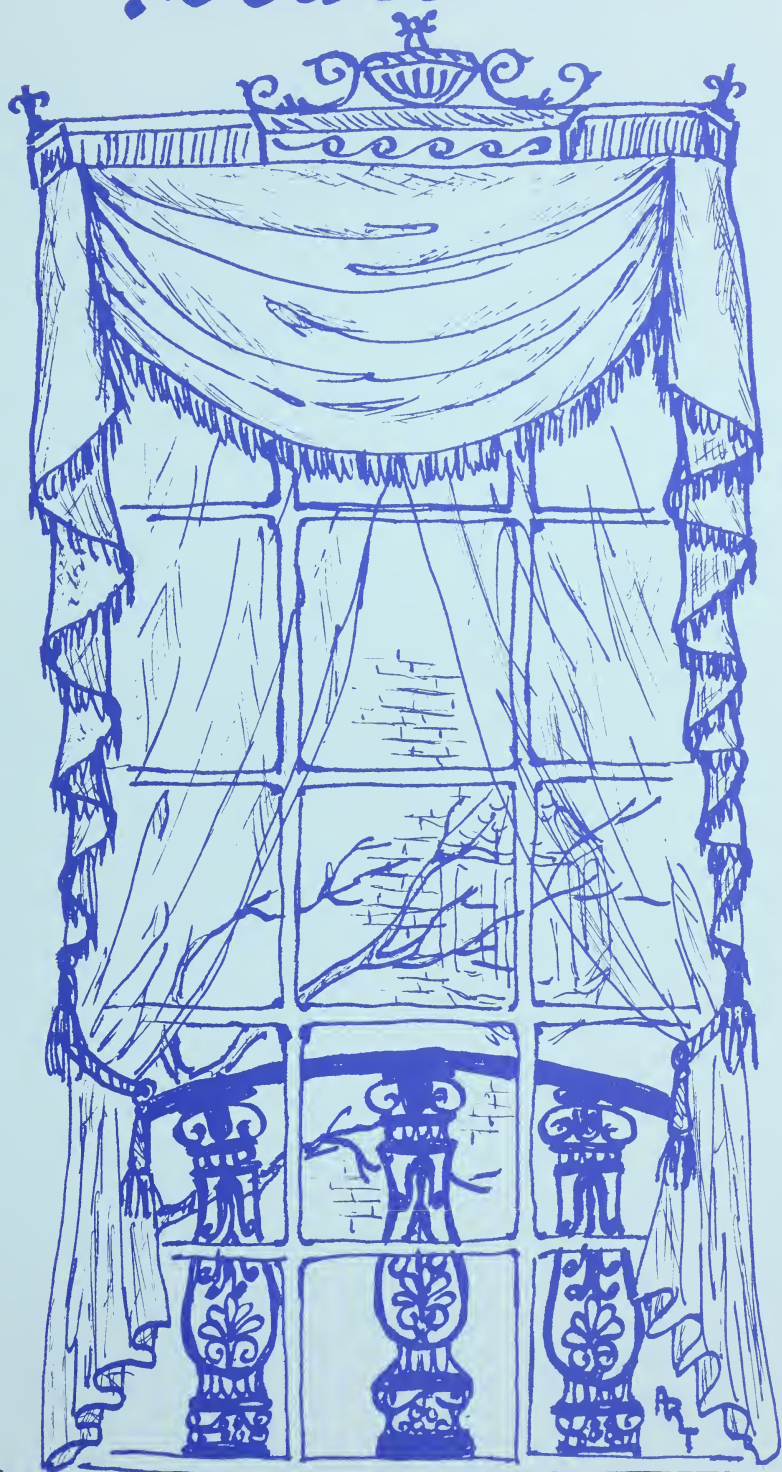
LIFE'S ADVENTURES

People are like butterflies,
They go from place to place,
Making all sorts of acquaintances.
But most of all,

They are free,
Free to seek out the different
Adventures of life.

Christine Cogliano

Seasons



The Library

118 Beacon Street

Spring is wonderful.
The flowers and birds awake.
Life is all around us.

Marie Ghiringhelli



A song in springtime
Carried softly in the air
By God's own creatures.

Anne R. Taylor



Springtime has begun
Sassy birds chirp sweet new songs
The nest is quiet.

Ellen Merritt

Summer, time to fly
Little birds leaving their nests
Time to fly away

Marie Ghiringhelli

The sun shining
Playing on the beach
Hot fun in the summertime.

Julie Brown

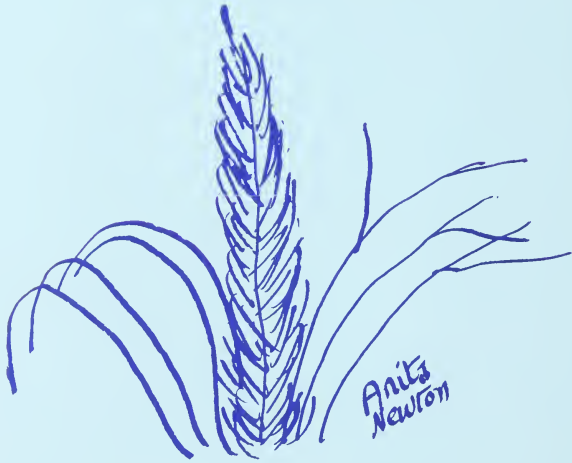


Leaves are falling from
The large oak trees of summer
Summer is now fall.

Marie Ghiringhelli

Leaves are falling down
The grass is dark green
A worm crawls in through

Maureen Coyne



Autumn is my time
The leaves falling from the trees
Life is ending now

Colleen Durkin

GROWING

Like a tree I'm growing without boundries.
Water and attention persuade branches to sprout,
Hoping to extend outwards to you.
Leaves appear, full of vivid colors
and intense thoughts of you.
Come now.
Plant yourself next to me.
We'll grow together.

Christine Cogliano

Leaves are falling from
The large oak trees of summer.
Summer is now fall.

Marie Ghiringhelli

RAIN

The rain leaves me quite moody.
It hides the sun.
It seems to make things dreary,
And days seem longer.
I wait patiently
For when the rain ceases,
My attitude grows brighter.

Sheree Icart

As winter comes
The birds all disappear
Oh, please don't go

Gloria Hilton

The fallen new snow
Covers the ground and the trees
Winter is here now

Judy Santangelo

A cold day
It begins to snow
A chilly feeling through and through

Julie Brown

A frost in winter
We skate on top of the lake
Break through the glassy edge

Jean D'Angelo

Winter is so glum
Cold and dark and depressing
Snow, sleet, rain, no sun

Colleen Durkin





*All Things
Bright and
Beautiful*



*Library Doors Capital
118 Beacon Street*

HAVE YOU EVER SEEN GOD?

I've seen Him in smiling faces
In hands that reach to touch
An unselfish deed
A loving word
A look that conveys so much.

Yet, I've also seen Him in anger
In faces mirrored with pain
Prejudice, greed and corruption
Harbored where God had lain.

Maria Miller



GOD'S OCEAN

The refreshing, salty air,
Lures you to the shore.

The silver sand has a soft crystal touch,
Sparkling water surrounds and caresses
 your body,
Seagulls are flying free above you,
And the forever infinite stretch of water
 reaches out to you--as I do.

What magnificence God creates!

Christine Cogliano

Water on the shore
 Brings in its hidden treasures
 Water then recedes

Ellen Hickey

On an ocean beach
I watched the waves roll in
Such a lovely sea

Laurie Goldman

Tadpoles swim for life,
Trying to change their image.
Often they die first.

Colleen Durkin



Seagulls fly safe,
Waiting for fish to submerge
Not hungry again.

Colleen Durkin

ALONE AND WONDERING

Walking along the beach,
Smelling the salt,
Feeling free
All by myself.

The cool breeze,
Blowing my hair,
Takes over my spirit,
Making me feel free.

The sun is setting,
In vibrant colors,
Of the sky. The clouds are
Disappearing before me.

Someday will all
This beauty vanish
Before me?

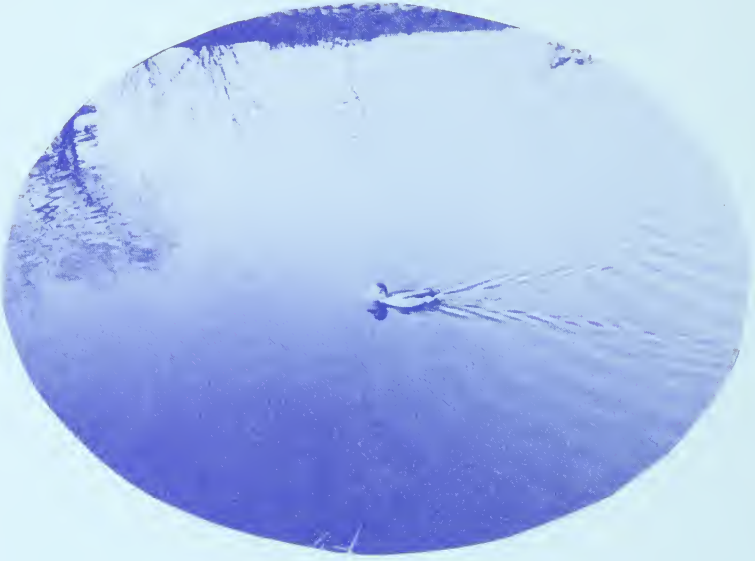
Ann Marie Affleck

The sun brings comfort
Like embracing in someone's
Arms--never alone.

Anita Newton

The ocean is full
Of life it seems. Love is there
Found beneath the waves.

Anita Newton



Clouds float in water

Reflections on the mirror

Fish swim through the clouds

Yvonne Murray

Plant a seed
Of a rose
And watch it
Become a part of life
Its beauty has
Such meaning
That it shares
With you and me.

Anita Newton

The sun is shing
The flowers are blooming now
The sky is very blue

Vanessa Mitchell



Lovely garden,
A sweet, fresh, and precious rose.
The reflection is you.

Christine Cogliano



The white carnation,
Gently sways in the soft wind,
After the warm rain.

Judith DeRosa



Flowers wilt away,
When they have to wait for me,
I must water them.

Colleen Durkin

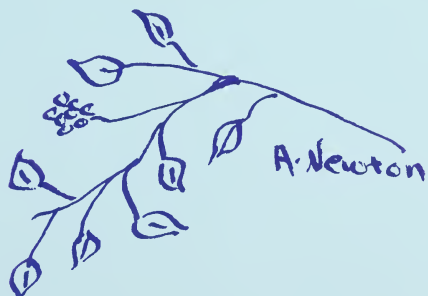
FLOWERS

Beautiful flowers
Open to greet me each day,
Close for a night's sleep.

Ann DeLuca

Flowers float on air
The wind, now guilty blows
As birds sing their songs.

Yvonne Murray



The bright canary
Singing from his favorite perch,
Brightens my dull day.

Judy DeRosa



Yellow butterflies,
Calm and free for me to see.
Butterflies are free.

Colleen Durkin

The bees are buzzing
As they all work hastily
To produce honey

Judy DeRosa



Bees fly, buzz, and hum.
Their homes in the trees are full
of honey, so sweet.

Colleen Durkin



Sun is beating down.
A lizard is lying still.
The skin is drying.

Eileen Harvey

A flower becomes
A life by a seed, planted
Inside nature's womb.

Anita Newton

A baby crying
Crawls to his knees on the floor,
She smiles with self praise.

Joan Simonetti

The sun shines above
Laughing and dancing for us
To make people smile

Judy DeRosa

Fire
Red, orange, yellow,
Soft black, gray clouds, rising
Kaleidoscope--silhouette

Ann DeLuca



The air is humid,
Water will saturate clouds,
Then the rain will fall.

Eileen Harvey



I am floating high
The sound of music everywhere
A high beat of rain

Vanessa Mitchell



It starts out awkward;
Now the rhythm is even.
A dog is panting.

Eileen Harvey



The sky is falling
Raindrops splatter on the ground
Cement is steaming.

Yvonne Murray

Tomorrow is near.
An endless night.
The stars vanish
As the moon sinks
Beyond the sky.

Another day
Lies before us.
As we awaken in silence,
The sun is shining
Through my window.
Tomorrow is here.

Anita Newton

THE CITY BALLET

Pain dominates;
The smell of rosin fills the room;
Sweat prevalent;
The wood surface cracks at the slightest
movements made upon it: at the city ballet.

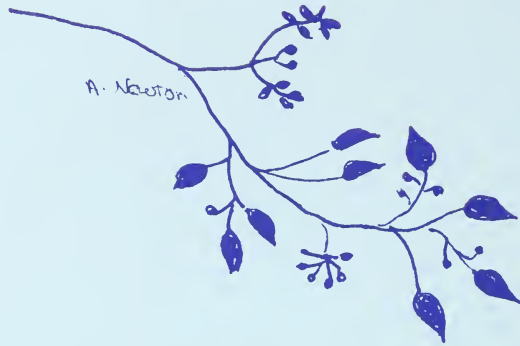
Encores demanded;
The roses make their way to the stage
in recognition;
Curtains drawn tight;
The working, striving, dreaming never
ceases: at the city ballet.

Nada Ann Jones



Party Hall

Images of Love



Sun shines like the love
Of two birds singing sweetly.
Songs of sunlit love.

Marie Ghiringhelli

A grasshopper runs
Up and down the little hills
Trying to find a mate.

Vanessa Mitchell

In the silent sounds of daylight,
I can hear you softly breathing,
And the mirrors of my mind,
reflect the sight of you -- sleeping.

When you gently stirred beside me,
You awakened memories.
Of the times we talked of nothing,
And our needs weren't hard to please.

But I've wakened to a world.
Where people laugh unpleasantly,
And dissect each other over tea,

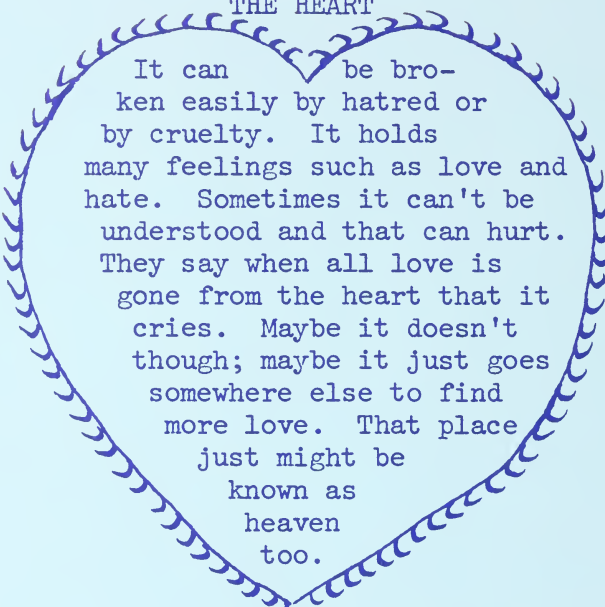
Because they're bored with other things.

Maria Miller

Love is being happy
Being together with him
Sharing things and thoughts.

Vanessa Mitchell

THE HEART



It can be broken easily by hatred or by cruelty. It holds many feelings such as love and hate. Sometimes it can't be understood and that can hurt. They say when all love is gone from the heart that it cries. Maybe it doesn't though; maybe it just goes somewhere else to find more love. That place just might be known as heaven too.

Laurie Marrocco

Crying is just an
Emotion when you feel pain,
But it heals the wounds.

Anita Newton

A DAY IN A LIFE

Steven is working late as usual. He is head of shipping which requires him to work hard. Steven has dusty blonde hair and covers it with a white helmet. He is very well built with big powerful arms. He stands 5'11" and is 27 years old. His blue eyes are wide with knowledge. His young smile is topped with a thick blonde mustache.

After work he jogs out to his silver Saab for a half an hour drive home. It is only Thursday and already he's thinking about Saturday morning, when he can take a ferry out to Ocean Beach. He plays frisbee endlessly and soaks in the sun. As he enters the car he already has a cassette of Carly Simon or Jackson Browne playing. He leaves the plant and heads for the expressway going north. As he runs into traffic, "Here Comes Those Tears Again" begins to play. He drives a little carelessly as he tries to grasp each word of the song. It reminds him of a girl he used to be very much in love with. The song ends and he switches tapes to Meatloaf's "Like a Bat Out of Hell." He drives steadily up the driveway of his house which is unseen from the road. He sees his black angora cat Mr. Booger coming to greet him. He hurries out of the car and into the house with the cat at his heels. They enter the kitchen together and while Mr. Booger eats-- Steve tells about his day. Steve unbuttons his tan work shirt and grabs a beer to watch TV with. "Three's Company" is on which he rarely misses. During the week he stays home because he is working 14 hours a day. At the first commercial he helps himself to another beer. By the time "Soap" comes on, he has already finished a six-pack of Bud.

While watching "Soap" and drinking, he begins to set up the backgammon board that sits on the coffee table. When it's set up he stares blankly at its opposite side where his opponent should be seated. He cracks another Bud and wonders why there isn't a partner anymore. But sometimes things just happen, even if you don't want them to. He falls asleep on the couch with the TV on and he begins to dream about her, and their times together. Where is she now?

Ginny Cahill



WEDDING DAY

Sara

"Well," thought Sara, "it's actually going to happen."

Her mother had just gone down the aisle, escorted by her brother and brother-in-law. Soon it would be her turn. Her father was talking to the photographer, trying to keep busy until his cue. Her sister Jenny, the maid-of-honor, handed her the bridal bouquet.

"Oh, Sara!" she said smiling. "You look so beautiful. Are you nervous?"

"Just a little," she said.

Looking at her sister, Sara remembered saying those same words to Jenny on her wedding day. She had cried a lot that day. She cried not just because she was losing a sister and roommate, but mostly for herself. After all, she was the oldest. This should be happening to her, not Jenny. Why didn't someone love her? Sara had felt so alone and empty that day, and here, now, was her sister feeling truly happy for her. In her mind, she apologized to Jenny for not having been able to give her such warmth back then.

The soloist began to sing "Thee Will I Love My Dearest Treasure." She hoped Bill could hear the hymn and its words--words she felt in her heart for him but could never express.

The bridesmaids started to arrange her gown. Looking down at her gown, she thought back to the time she and Bill had tried to elope.

"I almost got married in bluejeans!" she thought to herself.

In a fit of passion (or was it lust) she and Bill had left their favorite spot to drive to New Hampshire. Just like one of those 1930's Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney movies on the late show.

"I can't stand it anymore!" cried Bill.

"We're going to elope tonight. I don't care if we have to wake up every JP in the town!"

After making sure he was serious, she had agreed, and off they went. They didn't know that you had to be a resident of New Hampshire for five days. They found out though. That is after three JP's threw them off their property and they finally asked at the police station. At least the officer was patient with Bill. Funny. It seemed like two other people now.

Strangely, she felt no doubts as she waited to walk down the aisle.

Her father's taking her arm brought her back to reality. The bridesmaids were lining up. She had not even heard the two other hymns she had chosen. She turned to her father and saw that his eyes were filling. Her own filled in response.

"You're the last one to go, Honey. Momma and I are going to have to adjust to being alone now." He swallowed hard, and his voice got hoarse. "We love you very much."

"I love you too Daddy," she whispered. "Come on now Dad. I'm not moving to China, ya know. We'll be just across town."

She squeezed his arm and smiled. He smiled back and the flood gates closed.

The organ sounded, she dried her eyes hastily, and they started down the aisle. A sea of faces with happy smiles flanked them on either side. To Sara it seemed that all she could see were bright colors representing newly purchased clothes, but the faces only had smiles--no eyes or noses. She took a deep breath and let it out slow to calm herself down. Suddenly the faces became people she knew.

Before it seemed possible, they were there at the altar. Bill was standing at attention, military style, and shaking like a leaf. She took his outstretched hand.

"It's OK, Honey," she said. "I love you."

"I love you too," he whispered.

Together they knelt at the altar. The ceremony began.

Bill

Bill watched his minister come through the door and breathed a sigh of relief. Their families wanted an ecumenical ceremony, but for a while it didn't seem it would come off. The Reverend James Curry was a formal guy and he expected Sara's priest to treat him like royalty. When that had not happened, he had taken it upon himself not to show up at the wedding rehearsal. Bill, Sara, Father Doyle, and the whole wedding party had waited over an hour before calling the rectory. Thank goodness that was over!

The minister and priest glared at each other, and without a word spoken, each started to get ready in his own way.

"Here we go again," thought Bill. The American and National League playoffs!"

Bill thought he'd better get between them before they squared off, so he walked over to Reverend Curry.

"Good to see you Reverend Curry," said Bill shaking his hand. "I'm glad you could come."

"Anything for you Bill," said the Reverend. "I always thought highly of you."

"Ya know, I'm surprised to hear you say that. I always thought I kinda let you down."

"Why...uh, rather what, makes you feel that Bill?"

"Well I remember you telling me about OCS. How they took all the guys to Officer Candidate School in a bus, but the graduates came back in a Jeep--and you were one of them. I dropped out of OCS."

"You shouldn't feel that way Bill," he said putting his arm around Bill's shoulder. "We all have an OCS in our lives. We all have to be something. A doctor, lawyer, a garbage man..." At this point Father Doyle walked by them. "...even a priest." Father Doyle pretended not to hear, but his face turned brick red with anger.

Bill decided that his presence was not going to help or stop anything, so he walked back to his

Best Man, Tom. He had been with Tom when he met Sara. Since he found his friends had gone away while he was in the service, he had no one to ask but Tom, "the new kid on the block," to stand up for him. Just then Tom went to get the flowers at the door, so Bill started to think about his old friends at school.

He remembered one day after football practice noticing Jim Boswell sitting on the bench, slumped over with his hands between his knees, just staring at nothing.

"Hey, meathead! You gonna take a shower, or what?"

Jim didn't answer. No response. Nothing. Bill walked over to him.

"Hey man. What's wrong with you?"

Jim looked up at him, but his face was all wrong. Like he was seeing him for the first time.

"Well, Bill, I guess I know you about as well as I would want to know anybody. I feel trapped, and I don't know what I want to do. I'm getting married tomorrow. We have to. I know what I have to do, but I don't want to do it."

It was obvious he couldn't help his friend. Jim had already made his choice. Bill felt awkward and helpless, but at least he could listen.

"Er...ah...anybody I know?" Bill asked.

"Ya. Linda Simpson."

Bill couldn't believe it. All the guys had fantasies about Linda. She was it, man. The top of the heap. He looked at Jim and his jaw hung open. What a sleeper! Jim and Linda!?

Bill felt Tom shaking his arm.

"Hey, man. Come on back to the land of the living. Where were you anyway?"

"Oh, no place," said Bill, composing himself.

The organ sounded their cue. They all marched out to wait at the altar for Sara and her Dad. Then he saw her. Sara was always beautiful to him, but he couldn't believe his eyes. She looked so soft and fragile, Closer and closer she came.

"Oh, no! I can't feel my feet!"

His knees turned to rubber, so he pulled himself to attention in the OCS tradition to keep from falling down. Finally she was there beside him. She took his hand, and he heard her speak.

"...I love you," she said.

He looked into her eyes and suddenly he stopped shaking. He knew he'd be OK now.

"I love you too," he said.

As they knelt at the altar together, he truly felt sorry for Jim. He and Sara were going to be all right.

The ceremony began.

Anne R. Taylor



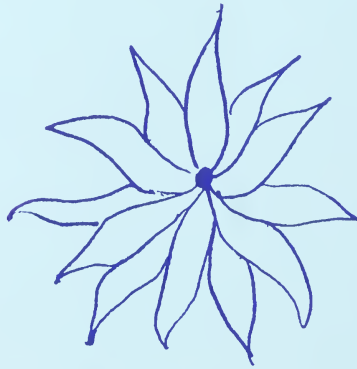
THE GIFT OF LIFE

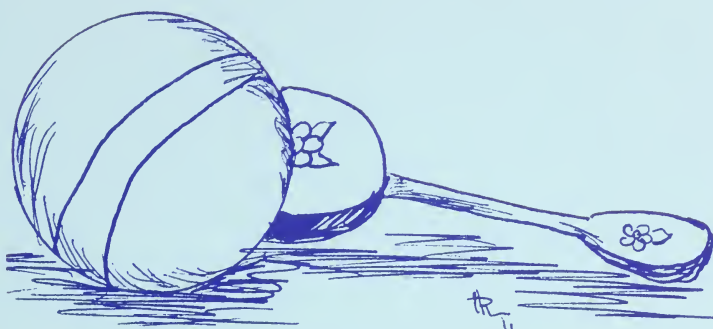
Tiny and defenseless am I.
Yearning to demonstrate my characteristics,
Till you bestow on me that opportunity.

I am a priceless contribution from the Lord.
My developments of body, mind, and soul,
Uniquely aspire to communicate to the
Unformed life that awaits me.

Entrusted to me by God
If not by human wish, the ability and
The guidance, to exist on this earth.

Christine Cogliano





INFANT

A little inchworm
guiding himself along
through pastures of wonders
as the days pass on.

He discovers the surroundings
that lie in his path
bring about the creativeness
his body may have.

He's a tiny little creature
marked "Handle With Care"
unaware of danger
finding need to share.

He squirms with enjoyment
pleased by what he sees
needs to play throughout the day
full of laughter and dreams.

Oh he's such a precious thing
he even shows us how
to smile at a tiny pebble
to be happy here and now.

Anita Newton

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH NANCY?

On their way home from the party, Nancy, on the passenger side, slouched in the bucket seat of the Charger. Her dirty blonde hair was hanging in front of her small face. She and Kenny had been driving for about ten minutes away from the party and the only voice heard was that of the radio.

Unaware of Nancy's unpleasant attitude, Kenny simply asked, "Wanna get someth'n to eat Nance?"

"No," she muttered with her head buried on her chest.

"What? I didn't hear ya."

Lifting her head quickly, she snapped back, "I said no, can't you hear or are you deaf?"

"Well what the hell's up yours?"

"As if you don't know." Nancy huffed and stared out the window.

"Like I'm supposed to know. What am I to know."

Nancy snapped her head around facing Kenny. Putting her long hair behind her ears, she snobbishly spoke. "You are a real jerk Kenny. I don't know who you think you are, but I know you're a real jerk!"

"Boy are you flipped! What the hell are you talking about?"

"As if you don't know!"

Kenny pulled over to the side of the dark, deserted road, slammed on his brakes and put the car in park. He lowered the radio, lit a cigarette, leaned back in his seat, and calmly spoke. "All right wacko, let's have it."

"Have what?" Nancy questioned, still in her snobby tone of voice.

"Oh. Now it's the dumb act. I know you Nancy, it's times like this when I wish I didn't, but I know you. Now look, I ain't mov'n this car until I find out what you're so teed-off about." Kenny sat there facing Nancy. His green eyes were wide and his face was full of question just waiting for an answer. He turned in his chair facing Nancy.

Lifting one foot onto the seat, he rested his chin on his knee and patiently waited for an answer. Nancy just sat in her seat. With her head back and her mouth tightened, she rolled her eyes and examined the roof of the car.

"Well Nancy, don't pretend you don't understand me. Quit being so pig-headed and let's talk. Ya think I wanna sit here all night? The cops are gonna come."

"Well why don't you just go back to the party? I'm sure Dotty'll talk to ya."

Kenny chuckled and turned in his seat again facing front. "Now I see. You're ridiculous ya know."

"I'm ridiculous!" she shouted. "I'm ridiculous? You got a nerve ya know it Kenny. Mr. Cool, you think you're so-o-o cool. Well you ain't!"

"Nancy, how many times do I have to tell you I don't care about Dotty anymore." Kenny was serious now. His voice softened and touching Nancy's chin, he turned her head towards him and whispered, "I only care for you, just you."

"Well it sure wasn't like that tonight. Admit it Kenny. I know you still like her. She makes me sick and you know it, but you just don't care."

"Nancy, don't be such a baby." Nancy pulled her head away and tightened her mouth again. She began to release the built-up tears inside her. "Oh, don't start crying, you know I can't stand it," Kenny pleaded.

"I can't help it," she whimpered. "You know these things bother me, Kenny. You know I don't like to be reminded about your relationship with Dotty, but yet, you still talk to her. The way she laughs and shows off when you're around with me. I can imagine what she's like when I ain't around. I'd like to tear that ugly black hair out by the roots. Curl by curl. I hate that cheap..."

"Knock it off. Knock it off Nancy. Grow up. Are you 17 goin' on 8 or what? How many times I gotta tell you I don't care about Dotty anymore, or anyone else 'cept you," he demanded.

"But that don't mean I can't still be friends with her. Don't ya think if I wanted to do anything more with her I could?"

Nancy laughed. "Oh ya, I forgot, you're so great and beautiful. Gimme a break Kenny!"

By now Kenny was getting a little more upset with Nancy's stupid jealousy. He slouched in his seat and scratched his forehead. After thinking for a few minutes he softly spoke. "OK, Nancy, maybe I was with her a little too much. I guess I see your point somewhat, but you gotta understand mine too."

"Huh!" Nancy stared out the window facing the woods.

"Come on, listen for once. I'm trying to patch things up."

"OK, I'm sorry. I guess maybe I shouldn't get so jealous, but what do you expect?" Nancy asked with tears still trickling down her cheeks. "Here's Dotty. She's so pretty. You went out with her for over a year. OK, so you're not going out with her anymore, but look who you are with. Me. Just nothing me. Then we go to this party," she rambled on. "You spend half the night talking to her. What am I supposed to think?" Nancy shuffled through her pocketbook for a kleenex. Upon finding one, she wiped her eyes. Kenny leaned over, took the kleenex from her wet fingers and gently wiped Nancy's soft face.

"Now look, all your make-up's run'n."

"Oh, I don't care," she sobbed.

"Hey, listen kiddo. Listen good. I think you're great. If I didn't like ya, I never would have made it a point to wind up with ya. I'm sorry, really I am." Kenny's voice was soft and reassuring. Nancy put her arms around his neck and kissed his cheek. They sat in the car, stick-shift between them and embraced themselves in each other's arms. Through the window came the beam of a flashlight.

Lynne Kudrowitz

Potpourri



President's Office
118 Beacon Street

MY TOWN

It's a large town.
It's a noisy town.
It's a cold town.
It's a concrete town.
It's a usual town.

It's a town of enormous skyscrapers
and bright lights.

It's a youthful town.
It's a restored town.
It's a growing town.
It's a rich town.
It's a historical town.
It's a town of opportunity.

It's my town.

Nana Ann Jones



One, two, three and four
Lovely flower growing wild
Perfumed smell so sweet

Vanessa Mitchell

Buy some herb
Float on, float on
Time to go to fantasyland

Julie Brown

Life is long for most of us but for some
it becomes short.
We should live life while we can and enjoy it.
We are lucky to be on the earth.

Carol Burgess

THOUGHTS

I walk quietly through this place to
look at you,
remember,
think;
but I remain silent,
not disturbing my innermost thoughts of
my final days here.
I listen to the silence.
Not a child crying.
Not a person talking.
I stand in fear of leaving this place.
I listen, concentrate
not with my mind but with my heart.
I listen until I catch a wisp of sound.
A sound as I open my soul and
the past is let in, and I hear it as
a resigned, mournful sigh.
The sound is a word from you.
It's saying goodbye.

Anita Newton

Here I go.
Living, learning, and dying.
How long can I continue?

Julie Brown

HAPPY BIRTHDAY

It was a gray, overcast, typical late-fall Friday. Despite the downward spirit of the day, however, her spirits were high with expectation. Although Thursday was the actual day of her birth, she had decided to wait and celebrate on Friday. She was nineteen.

The carpool horn startled her back into reality, and grabbing coat and purse, she rushed off to work. It was a pleasant trip. Last-minute plans were arranged for that evening, and the usual chatter made the day seem less gloomy.

Once at her desk, she found it difficult to concentrate on routine matters. However, the nature of the work was dry and boring. She found insurance very hard to get excited about--especially lapsed policies. As a result, she promised herself to start searching for another position the following Monday. The decision pleased her, and feeling much better, she attacked the pile of work before her. It was then she first heard the news.

The messenger was always joking, but this was no laughing matter. A few of her co-workers were upset that he should say such a thing. However, he insisted it was true. How could this be? Nothing so horrible could happen. Could it?

Her friend came into the department. Tears flowed down her face, but before she could speak, the public address system crackled to life. The fear turned to horror--horror to grief.

Many wept openly--man and woman alike. Everyone moved silently, in perfect order. Not a word was spoken. The only sounds were the shuffling of feet and the muffled sobbing.

Outside, the quiet was deafening. The overcast day, the wind silently blowing discarded papers like tumbleweed through a ghost town, and cars that seemed to make no noise upon the pavement--all combined to bring the message to bear.

was no laughter, no rushing, and no conversation.
There existed only a uniform look of devastation,
and the tears--silent, terrible tears.

The Time: November 22, 1964
The Event: Assassination of
John F. Kennedy

Anne R. Taylor



MEMORIES

Like the pieces to a puzzle,
pictures are pieces to my memory.

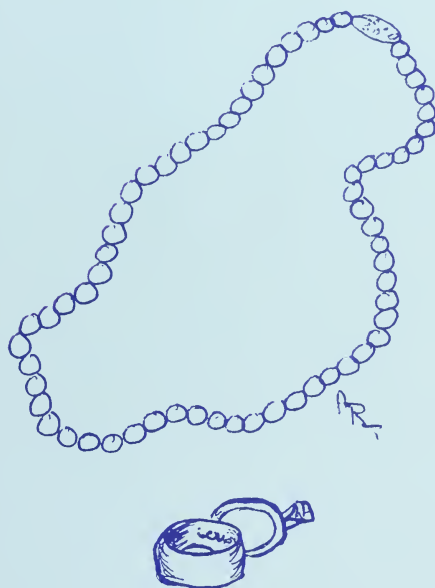
Just as the things we said and did
are part of my memory.

But you are more than a memory.
You are here within my heart.

Ann Marie Affleck

Cherish those possessions
that are of great value
whether within reach or distant
they will always have meaning
in your journey through life.

Anita Newton



The beer goes down fast.

The good times are here to stay!

To friends, love and life.



Deirdre Duffy

When you are depressed,

you should think of all the
happy times.

What are happy times?

To each person they are different.

To some it may be simple,
but to me it is very difficult.

Carol Burgess

Day by day

Taking the good with the bad

Finding the true solution.

Julie Brown

TEACH THE CHILDREN

Teach the children
of warm days in spring,
sounds of the sea,
and of raindrops.

Teach the children
of laughter in the air,
of love for mankind,
and of the beauty
in being unique.
But above all

Teach the children
how to live every yesterday
with a memory,
every today with a smile,
and every tomorrow
with hope.

Nada Ann Jones

I need strength
Lord, please bear with me
The pain that I give shall be lessened

Julie Brown

MY TIME

There are times
When moments alone
I praise
Not for reasons
Of disappointment when
People crowd my way
But for the enjoyment
Of thoughts
That I find only
When I am alone
And can spend
Minutes, even hours
Writing contentedly
To my thoughts
In silence
For I discover
And bring forth
Feelings of selfhood
Love and pain
That are of worth
To only me
But shared in the end
With those of value
As well as confidence
In the meaning of my words.

Anita Newton

I am sad, yet I am happy.
I want to go home, yet I love it here at
College. I want someone to love, yet I am
Not willing to made the effort to get him.
I am confused. Will someone please help me?

Carol Burgess

The music plays on
The record spins round and round
Then the beat changes.

Deirdre Duffy

Hardwood floor beneath
Shoes of heels walking on in
Lightning and thunder.

Joan Simonetti

Take all advantage
The book will remain open
Opportunity.

Deirdre Duffy

THAT WONDERFUL, MAGICAL CAR

Once upon a time, in the childhood of my life, my parents bought their first brand new automobile. The year was 1950--not too long after the war, so this was no ordinary occasion. I was only five, but I knew something was up. Aunt Bessy had come to take care of us a few times when my mother had not put on her best dress, and Daddy had not put on his blue suit; so I couldn't figure out where they had gone. My sister Evelyn was only three, so she could not care less. She only knew that our fun-loving aunt was here to play with us. After due consideration, I thought playing was more fun too.

One night, before it got dark, our parents took us with them to pickup the new car. Our old Willis' wheezed into the lot and was immediately forgotten. As I looked at the new car, all my daydreams came true! It was Flash Gordon's spaceship and the submarine from 20,000 Leagues Under the Sea all rolled up into one. The lights of the showroom danced on the shimmering maroon paint and gleaming chrome. It was a 1950 Studebaker coupe. Oh, the adventures I could have in it. I would pretend that Daddy was Flash Gordon and I was Dale. Going to the store could never be dull in this wonderful, magical car!

I remember Mama asking the man if it was child-safe. She wanted a car with only two doors because my cousin Kathy had unlocked the door of Uncle Ebbie's car when it was going. She fell out and didn't wakeup for days. The man said it was very safe.

Then we got in. The seats were covered in gray and maroon velvet pinstripe. They felt so soft, it was like cuddling to Mama. The car smelled funny, but good--not like Daddy's cigarettes. It had a radio and a silky rope in the back to help you get up and loops by the doors. Evelyn and I

knew the rope was really buckboard reins. The loops by the doors were for us to play stagecoach. Our joy was complete. Bobby was only a baby, so he didn't count.

The ride home was like a ride on a magic carpet: soft, quiet as a ghost, the powerful engine humming a song of adventure.

The next day was Sunday, and after church, we set out for the farm, which was Grandma's house. The car carried us past all our favorite places: The school my cousin Butchie went to; the house with the trellis over the door; the "red button" (a Coca-Cola sign by Whitman Pond); the good smell of the lumberyard by the railroad tracks; then the house with the duck pond and bridge; and finally Grandma's street. At that time, Winter Street in Hanover began with Clark's Airport with its marvelous bi-planes, then the deserted ammunition factory, and finally Grandma was in the drive to greet us. Grandpa came out of the barn to Grandma's urging. We all got in the car for a ride. When Daddy went fifty, Grandma told him to slow down or she'd have a heart attack. I never knew a car could to so fast.

Looking back, that car lived up to all my dreams. We had Betsy for ten years. Daddy sold her to "Uncle" Ambie and she lived five more years. In the time we had her, Betsy took us on all our vacations, down to Florida (loaded with two adults, three kinds, 50 pounds each of oranges and grapefruit, ten pounds of pecans, and luggage), and through every kind of weather. When her paint dulled, Daddy painted her green--with a brush--and no streaks. In short, we all loved her, and cried when she went. However, we shall always remember and smile when someone says, "Hey, remember the old Studebaker?"

Anne R. Taylor

